

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XVIII.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1862.

NUMBER 289.

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months \$1.50
One Month \$1.00
50¢ No subscriptions taken for less than one month.

Subscribers, whose papers were discontinued when the mail facilities were cut off in Southern Kentucky and Tennessee, can obtain them now by giving us notice where they resided there and where now with them forwarded for the time paid for.

For Judge of Court of Appeals,
R. K. WILLIAMS,

OF GROVES STREETS.
District composed of Allen, Butler, Breckinridge, Ballard, Calloway, Caldwell, Crittenden, Christian, Daviess, Edmonson, Fulton, Graves, Grayson, Hancock, Hickman, Henderson, Hopkins, Livingston, Lyon, Logan, Marshall, McCracken, Muhlenberg, McLean, Ohio, Simpson, Todd, Trigg, Union, Warren, Webster.

Kentucky is called on for her quota of the three hundred thousand troops, which will be four regiments of infantry. She is authorized, besides, to raise three regiments of cavalry for twelve months' service. The chief use of which is to clean this State of guerrillas and keep the peace. Let Kentucky do her whole duty. Other States are aiding the cause by subscriptions of individuals and corporations, as well as appropriations of States, to encourage enlistments. Now is the time for every man to do his duty. If he can't enlist himself, let him contribute to help one or more who can. One raid of robbers will destroy more than enough to keep them hereafter out of the State.

We have now constant rumors of marauding bands, ready to make another foray into sections of the State where there are no troops to meet them. These are exaggerated, no doubt, by the friends of these marauders, to create confusion and alarm, and embarrass preparations to meet them. The short and effectual way to put an end to the danger of raids upon our soil, to the damage of life and property, is to raise the troops at once, and thus render secure our own homes and firesides.

Let no rumors, or facts adverse or otherwise, make us hesitate for a moment. This is a contest for free government. The question whether republicanism is to live or die in the world, is on hand; and there is no way to conclude the experiment in favor of free government but by supporting the Union as our fathers left it. There is no place now for new and untried arrangements. This armed rebellion must be suppressed, no matter at what cost, or republicanism stands before the world condemned as unfit for the government and good order of society.

We, therefore, call now upon every man to do his duty. Kentucky has wisely taken her stand against the Vandals who would break up and destroy the great ocean-bound Republic. The traitors, not content with their own efforts at unmixed evil, are inviting foreigners, the hereditary enemies of free government, to come in to despoil our inheritance. Can the indignation of any Kentuckian sleep before such a suggestion? Shall we invite back the foreign hordes and their influence whom our fathers drove away—invite them to re-plant their pestilent institutions upon this continent?

Now is the hour to repeat the lesson our fathers taught all Europe—that Americans shall rule America; that republicanism is no sickly plant on our soil; that it will stand the storms of adversity, and come out only better founded than ever.

Don't let the ill-counselists that are suggested deter any one from the effort. Trust to the good sense and virtue of the people of the United States to bring all out safe at last. Show that our boast of popular intelligence is not a vain one; that our nerves are not shaken by the tempest of war, or by the croaking of evil spirits; that we will defend our inheritance with the first and last dollar, and the first and last drop of blood.

Let every man awake to his duty, and teach all mankind that no impudent marauder shall invade our soil again with impunity; and that Kentucky will be the last to give up the last hope of the world for free government.

Our readers will recollect the card of Col. R. T. Jacob, published the other day. Nearly one hundred men responded to the call. Mr. Jacob, it will be seen by a card this morning, is authorized to raise a regiment of twelve months' cavalry. His camp will be at Eminence next Wednesday. Hurry up the men. Let's have the regiment in a week; it's needed.

The Eastern papers brag on Dr. Windship's strength, because he can take up a thousand pounds. That is nothing. We have a policeman in Louisville who has taken up a hundred men, weighing an average of 170 pounds a piece.

An exchange says that the Southern navy would have to serve an apprenticeship to our commodores before it could be efficient. Unfortunately the blockade allows none of them to be "bound out."

The telegraphic report of the taking of the rebel gunboat Arkansas only meant that she was laid in irons, and, unfortunately, the irons are nearly shot proof.

The Richmond Enquirer says that Gen. Lee intended to bag McClellan, but didn't. Hadn't he better get some more bags?

All the horses Morgan left in exchange were very thin. We can account for this by remembering they had all been pressed.

Commodore Dahlgren is called an "old file," we suppose, because in spiking the enemy's canon a file-in-vents them.

Rebels needn't expect to fight our gunboats, when they don't know how to fight their own!

Morgan's manner of getting horses ought to awaken the rivalry of the other members of the press.

The ultracons on each side bellow noisily; but, of course, nothing but wind is expected from a pair of bellows.

C. S. A. can't escape running on the rocks of destruction. Its draft is too heavy.

The Constitution of the United States speaks of two kinds of taxes, direct taxes constituting one kind, and duties, imposts and excises forming the other. Direct taxes are to be apportioned among the several States "according to their respective numbers;" and duties, imposts and excises are to be "uniform throughout the United States." Now, what are direct taxes? The general idea is that indirect taxes are such as duties on imports, in which the consumer does not pay a tax directly to the government but indirectly through the importer. But, so far as the government is concerned, such taxes are direct in the sense supposed, for the importer pays them directly to the Government.

This subject came before the Supreme Court in 1796. In the year 1794 Congress passed an act laying a tax upon carriages, making the levy uniform throughout the United States. If this was a *direct* tax, it was unconstitutional, because it was not apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers. If apportioned according to numbers, two States having the same population would have had to pay the same amount, though one of the States may have had 1,000 carriages, and the other only 100, the owner of a carriage in one State having to pay ten times as much as the owner of a carriage in the other State. Thus, if a citizen of the former State paid eight dollars for his carriage, a citizen of the latter would pay eighty dollars. Daniel Hylton refused to pay, contending that the tax was unconstitutional. The two justices of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia were divided in opinion, and the matter was brought before the Supreme Court, which decided that the tax on carriages was not a direct tax in the meaning of the Constitution. Judge Chase was inclined to think the direct taxes contemplated by the Constitution are only two—a capitation, or poll-tax, which is expressly mentioned as a direct tax, and a tax on land. And this is now the general opinion.

Col. Roger Hanson is now at Fort Delaware, a low island surrounded by the deep waters of the Delaware, and Rogers is up dry on the west part of the fort and looks far and near over Father Mathew's element, and licks his own dry face as he looks, and exclaims with Coleridge,

Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!

Can't our neighbor send a jug to Roger?

It is charged and admitted by Senator Simmons that he received a bribe. As the Senate did not expel him they must have thought a little money received now was "fair-simmons."

A marble-yard man in Philadelphia offers a tombstone for our soldiers. That is decidedly the most equivocal way of showing one's loyalty of which we have yet heard.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 2d says Gen. Lee is now the rising man. We take it that is a polite way of saying he is "about gone up."

Grind your swords for the last struggle, says an Augusta (Ga.) paper. Ground arms is just what we expect from them.

The radicals thought that the President squinted at their scheme, but they found he was not A-B Lincoln at it.

Pope is writing too many orders. Better be careful or Pope's Bull might be a blunder.

The game of imposing a monarch on Mexico seems to have resulted in check King.

Morgan poured his forces into Kentucky, but he made a poor out.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TAX.—The London Times and other rebel papers make a tremendous fuss on account of the heavy taxes America will now have to collect. Let facts speak: The return made on the 20th of last May of the amount of receipts by the customs, duties, and taxation in Great Britain exhibits the fact that their revenues from taxes from various sources amount to over two hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars, aside from custom duties; and that, too, with a total population of less than thirty millions. All that is contemplated to be raised by our government by direct tax under the recent law is one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or nearly one hundred millions less than the tax imposed upon the citizens of Great Britain; while our entire population is two millions larger, including slaves, and only about one million and a half less without the slaves. The subjects of John Bull have, therefore, to submit to a tax of upwards of eight dollars per head, whilst we will have a tax imposed of only four and a half dollars per head.

On Saturday, the 19th, private in a cavalry battalion at Danville, Kentucky, became intoxicated and very disorderly, when his Lieutenant reprimanded him for his noisy conduct. The soldier drew a pistol and fired at the Lieutenant, missing him, the ball taking effect in the side of another soldier, named John Harris, of the Pennsylvania cavalry, who lingered until Sunday evening, when he expired. The deceased was a young man of fine morals, and beloved by all his comrades. A fearful responsibility will rest not only upon him who committed the act, but also upon those who sold him the poison that made him a demon.

RETURN OF A PRISONER.—Mr. A. S. Nourse, of the late firm of Levitt, Nourse & Co., Memphis, Tennessee, who was banished the city about six months ago and immured in prison at Columbus, Mississippi, reached the city on Saturday. Mr. Nourse was regarded as a Union man when the Confederates held sway, and one of the charges alleged against him was that he thought the Federal army would be in Memphis in three months. For that, and other equally heinous offense, he was sent into exile at Columbus, Mississippi.

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THE BRIDAL WREATH.

BY ELLENOR.

We made it for her bridal,
This wreath of flowers fair;
See where this drooping lily
Has lightly touched her hair.

In robes of misty lace,
Like web of woven light,
Strewed upon my vision,
With faint yet strange delight.

We always knew her lovely,
This child of our old days;
But tears were overflowing
When we would give her praise.

And lovelier her mystic language,
Where loves alone delighted,
A wealth of thoughts and feelings
Unfolding in her mind.

Last night she knelt before me,
So tremulous and pale;
I placed this wreath of flowers
Upon her bridal vest.

And kissing there I bled her,
And gave our child away,
To him whose love had banished
The sunlight from our day.

Her locks were black as ebony,
And pure were like the snow;
Her hopes were golden,
And mine were white, I know.

You laid your hand on mine, love;
I heard the words you said;
The sun that sets in our lives
Is rising o'er her head.

But I must leave this garden,
That rests on her hair;
For every pretty blossom
Was worn with a prayer.

A rosy glow, down,
I tell it's in her hair,
As baby's soft echo
Through lapses of vanished years.

Taking a Prisoner.

During the recent raid of Johnny Morgan and his "sabaddlers" in this State, several incidents occurred that are worthy of mention.

In one of the upper counties lived two neighbors—one Union, the other Secesh. The former had better crops, finer horses, prettier girls, and more of them, which seemed to cause a little jealousy feeling to arise in the bosom of Sash. It was well known, in that part of the country, that Johnny Morgan was "drawing on the banks," making "eight draughts on blooded horses," raising "raw recruits," and such other demonstrations as would stamp his name forever as "one o' the b'hoys."

Sash knew it, and he was determined to have his neighbor taken in and cared for.

One bright, sunny afternoon a lot of hard-looking "chivalry," the advance scouts of Morgan's men, came dashing up the road, when Sash, with hat waving high in the air, ran out and hailed them.

"Any Union men 'bout here?" said a chap whose face was as sly as a shingle and about the color of a pumpkin.

"Wall, yes," said Sash.

"Ar' you one?" said another of the "solitary horsemen," whose eyes glared like two burning brands there.

"Me one? Nary time! No, Sir-e! I'm Sash all over—always have been."

"Bully for you," said the leader, looking about. "Is there any Lincolns about here?"

"Wall, yes; and I wish you'd take him up."

Show us where he is at;" and suiting the action to the word, Sash took the lead and the chivalry followed. They went but a short distance down the road, when they discovered, in field close by, tall, halibut hairy man, following his plow, and whistling a medley of Union airs, while the birds of the neighboring grove were chattering the chorus, and doing their best to learn Yankee Doodle after his fashion.

"Hello!" said the leader of the chivalry. The Union man stopped his horses, and, turning around, replied:

"What'll ye have?"

"You come out here—we want to see you," said another.

"You do, eh?" said the sturdy farmer, leaving his plow and stepping towards them.

"We have been informed by this gentleman (pointing to Sash) that you are one of Abe Lincoln's worshippers."

"You have, sh! Well, I'm a Union man from the ground up. What are you going to do about it?"

"We're goin' to take you prisoner and put a guard over you until the main force comes along, which will be to-night or early in the morning."

"Yes," said Sash, "put a strong guard over him, for he needs close watching."

They took the farmer to a school-house close by, and, to the great astonishment of Sash, he was appointed to stand guard over his neighbor until the main force should arrive, when he (the Union) would be "gobbled up." They gave Sash a gun that they had doubtless stolen, and gave him orders that, if he left, he would be shot, and if his prisoner attempted to escape to shoot him; and they dashed off, leaving Sash in charge.

All night he watched, and, when the morning dawned, they were seated at a table in the solitary prison, conversing on different topics; when, to their surprise, the shrill notes of a bugle were heard. Both arose hurriedly, and, looking down the road, a terrible dust was seen ascending.

"That's Morgan!" said Sash; "what shall I tell you folks? Prepare, for I'll have to give you up in their hands."

Union gave him a look of defiance, and turned away from the window.

But further down the road another terrible storm of dust was seen arising. Union knew what it meant. Near and more near they approached. Sash put his gun down, as he walked out in the road to hail them. Union mislaid it, and followed in the rear. Up they came full sight. Sash grew excited, and, as they neared him, cheered them, saying:

"Go it, my Morgan!"

"Huzzah, my Smith!" said Union, waving his hat, and cheering their pursuers.

"Oh, you bully Morgan!"

"Oh, you wild Smith!"

"Go it, my bully boy with the glass eye!" yelled Sash.

"Whoop 'em up, my boys! H-o-o-o-y! my Smith!" cried Union.

On went the chivalry in their mad skeaddle, and Smith close up.

"Bet ten

Daily Democrat

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HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

Office—90 Third Street, east side, between
Market and Jefferson.

SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1862.

Closing and Arrival of the Mails at
the Louisville Postoffice.

Eastern, Western and Northern close at 12m. m.,
and arrives at 12m. p.m.

Western, via L. & N. R.R., (small offices
close at 9p. m., the previous evening), close at 12m.

and arrives at 5:30 p.m.

Ohio, via Cincinnati, Ohio, closes at 9:00 a.m., and
arrives at 6:00 a.m.

St. Louis, at 12:00 at night and 1:00 p.m., and
arrives at 11:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

St. Louis closed at 12:00 at night, and arrives at
6:00 a.m.

Louisville R.R. closes at 12:00 at night, and arrives at
6:00 a.m.

Cardston R.R. closes at 9:00 p.m., and arrives at
9:30 p.m.

Frankfort Stage (tri-weekly) closes at 12:00 at
night, and arrives at 6:30 p.m.

Henderson and River R.R. leaves Mondays,
Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:00 p.m., and arrives at
4:00 a.m.

Mayfield Stage closes at 8:00 a.m., and arrives at
4:00 p.m.

Our route where the principal mail close at 12:00
at night, the way mail close at 9:00 p.m.

CITY NEWS.

FOR SALE.—several fonts of wooden type and a vari-
ety of cuts necessary in a well-applied print office.
Also a No. 1 Burges card cutter, nearly new and in
good order. Apply at this office.

Mr. G. O. SMITH is our agent at Versailles,
Ky. Persons desiring to subscribe will please call on
him.

The General Hospitals.

Hospital No. 1—corner of Ninth street and Broad-
way.

Hospital No. 2—corner of Eighth and Green streets.

Hospital No. 3—Main street, between Seventh and
Eighth.

Hospital No. 4—corner of Fifteenth and Main streets.

Hospital No. 5—corner of Seventh and Main streets.

Hospital No. 6—corner of Center and Green streets.

Hospital for small-pox—on Bardstown road, near
Court Hill Cemetery.

RAID AT FLORENCE.—The dispatches this

morning tell us of a raid at Florence, Ala., Waterloo, &c., in which a steamboat and large quantities of army stores were destroyed, besides about \$750,000 worth of cotton, according to present prices. Why points at which stores are collected cannot be properly guarded we cannot imagine. It is not to be expected that every point should be guarded, but all such as are depots can be, and should be, and it looks to us wonderfully like terrible mismanagement somewhere.

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE HORTICULTURAL
SOCIETY.**—yesterday was, without doubt, the finest of the season. We have never seen, at any of the previous meetings, such a fine display of apples, pears, peaches, plums, and berries. All that was on the table was sold at excellent prices. We were pleased to see so many ladies present on the occasion, for their presence always adds to the interest of these meetings. A large crowd was present. We anticipate a fine exhibition on next Saturday.

ANOTHER SKIRMISH.—Yesterday, about

11 o'clock, a heavy skirmish took place on Eleventh, between Market and Jefferson streets. A Union and a Secesh Irish woman were out scouting, when the Union woman drove in the Secesh woman's pickets. Secesh rallied with a heavy stand of arms and Union retreated, until she was re-inforced by officer Glass, who immediately surrounded the Secesh and took her prisoner. The parties are strongly fortified at St. Thomas.

**THE FOLLOWING PERSONS were put in
the military prison yesterday:** Ben. F. Chrisman, John R. Biggs, John C. Johnson,
John H. Lewis, T. W. Coke, E. B. Baxter,
John Calvert, and D. M. Williams. The

following came down on the Lexington train: D. M. Bowen, Henry B. Wright, W. S. Sutton, J. S. Butler, J. F. Gaines, J. R. Chambers, A. R. Wash, C. M. Lillard, Robert Druffin, Wm. McCormack, Moses Lane, J. D. Ross, T. H. Banks, and W. H. Maddox.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Saturday, July 26. Mary Jones, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct; \$100 for two months.

Aiph Berlin (f. m. c.), charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct; \$200 for six months.

Commonwealth by John Alston vs. Mary

Crow, and Michael Crow vs. John Alston, assault and battery warrant.

THE theater had a good audience

last night. The performances were, as usual,

fine. To-morrow night the bill calls for The Iron Chest, or Honor's Victim; overture by the orchestra, and Mr. and Mrs. White, who

will not disappoint you, for they will be there. These pieces are fine, and we have no hesitancy in saying that the house will be full. Go and see if we are not right!

SENT TO JEFFERSONVILLE.—The thirteen

rebel prisoners brought to New Albany day before yesterday morning from Hawesville, were last night escorted by a guard to quarters in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville. We understand that the military prisons in this city are so full that no more can be accommodated in them.

AFFAIRS AT HENDERSON AND OWENSBORO.—We learn, says the New Albany Ledger of yesterday, that everything at Henderson and Owensboro remained quiet when the Grey Eagle left those places day before yesterday. Both towns are strongly garrisoned by Federal troops, who are engaged in arresting all persons guilty of expressions or acts derogatory to the cause of the Government.

DECEASED SOLDIERS.—The following is a list of the names of soldiers who died in the General Hospital, in this city, during the week ending July 26th, 1862:

July 17.—P. Ambrose, 3d Low Cavalry; Thomas Bunting, rebel.

H. Schuster, co. I, 5th Inf.

Adams Secours, co. K, 5th Inf.

H. A. Robins, co. F, 5th Inf., rebel.

J. C. W. Moore, co. K, 5th Inf.

July 22.—G. W. Brade, co. F, 5th Inf.

J. C. W. Moore, co. K, 5th Inf.

July 23.—John C. Johnson, 5th Inf.

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